

Music.

There is something very wonderful in music. Words are wonderful enough, but music is even more wonderful. It speaks not to our thoughts as words do; it speaks straight to our hearts and spirits—to the very core and root of our souls. Music soothes us, stirs us up; it puts noble feelings into us; it melts us to tears, we know not how; it is a language by itself just as perfect in its way as speech, as words, just as blessed. Music, I say, without words, is wonderful and blessed—one of God's best gifts to man. But in singing you have both the wonders together—music and words. Singing speaks at once to the head and to the heart, to our understanding and to our feelings; and therefore, perhaps, the most beautiful way in which the reasonable soul of man can show itself (except, of course, doing right, which always is, and always will be, the most beautiful thing), is singing.

New Orleans, Nov. 2.
The steamer *Hill*, running between this city and Memphis, exploded her boiler Wednesday night. A large number of passengers were on board. Thirty persons were killed, and from forty to fifty badly scalded.

terrible deed were all carefully interred in one grave, beneath a large cottonwood tree, near the spot on which they died, by the soldiers under Captain Stewart.—Whether they were made the bloody offering to the demon of war, or the formal preparation of the Pah-Utshs to attract the white man's

The father looked with pride on his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood.

'Now, Daniel, it's your turn; I'll hear what you've got to say.'

It was his first case. Daniel said that the ples of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge, and as his large, brilliant, black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said,

The day passed, and the lengthening shadows from the western sky told that the sun would soon set, and darkness assert its rule over the earth. Darker and darker it grew, and our little band now looked into cheerful homes, where happy families were gathered together, and the jest and joyous laughter resounded, as in cheerful conversation the hours glided by.

But, alas! they also looked into dreary attics, and damp cellars, where squalid little children clustered, shivering, around a few sticks on the dreary hearth, and the hearts of those gen-

During the session of the last Congress, Mr. Pennington, the Speaker, in passing through Baltimore, was so pleased at the appearance of the boy that he offered him the appointment of page to the House of Representatives; but Paul was then studying for a more ambitious post, and he respectfully declined the offer. A few months ago, without consulting a single person, Paul wrote a letter direct to Louis Napoleon, Emperor of France, stating that he was an orphan, with all its destitution, verging upon fifteen years of age, four feet and eleven in-

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